

FORMIDABLE TORPEDOED

British Battleship Either Hit Mine or Was Torpedoed

A despatch from London says: The British battleship *Formidable* was sunk in the English Channel on Friday morning with the loss, it is believed, of about 600 officers and men. So far as is definitely known, there are 150 survivors of the disaster. The vessel's normal complement was 781 officers and men. The *Daily Chronicle* states that survivors of the battleship *Formidable* report that the vessel was torpedoed both fore and aft early Friday morning and sank almost immediately, giving the crew hardly time to escape. The place of the disaster was not given in the official announcement, nor had the cause of the vessel's loss been determined. The brief and rather meagre official statement issued was as follows: "The battleship *Formidable* was sunk in the Channel but whether by a mine or a submarine is not yet certain."

"Eighty survivors have been picked up by a British light cruiser, and it is possible that others may have been rescued by other vessels."

It was later announced that the *Tor Bay* trawler *Providence* had landed 70 additional survivors. They were rescued by the trawler during a terrific storm Friday morning. This makes the aggregate number of saved, so far as is known, 150. Among the rescued are eight officers and six midshipmen.

The *Daily Mail* quotes from the *Plymouth Mercury* a detailed story of the rescue of the two officers and 88 men by the Brixham trawler *Providence*. The *Providence* was running for shelter from a gale, but was compelled to leave to off Start Point, in Devonshire, which juts into the Channel 25 miles south-east of Plymouth.

Rescue was effected under unusual and exciting circumstances. The crew of the trawler was amazed while running before the gale for shelter to find a small, open boat drifting under their lee through mountainous seas with an oar hoisted, bearing a sailor's scarf. After strenuous efforts those on the trawler succeeded in getting a rope to the cutter and brought her with great skill to berth at their stern.

The naval men began to jump aboard, but even then there was danger of losing men, as the seas were rising thirty feet high. After thirty minutes' labor, however, all were safely rescued. One lad of nineteen was so exhausted by exposure that he required immediate treatment to save his life. When all had left the cutter her rope was cut as she was full of water, having a hole under her hull which had been stuffed with a pair of trousers of which one man had divested himself for the purpose.

Some of the rescued men had no trousers and these were cared for in the warm engine room. The naval men had been in the cutter for nearly twelve hours. The crew of the trawler distributed hot coffee, food and tobacco among the benumbed sailors. When they landed at Brixham the residents brought blankets, clothing and boots for the

survivors and housed them in comfortable quarters.

Later.

The British Admiralty issued Sunday a supplementary list of survivors of the battleship *Formidable* which was sunk by a submarine off the Devonshire coast on Friday, bringing the number of those saved up to 200 out of a crew of 780. Further survivors who have reached Lyme Regis in Lyme Bay tell a terrible story of exposure and hardship in an open boat over which the seas dashed continually during a twenty hours' buffeting by the waves. Early Saturday morning the police of Lyme Regis heard cries for help coming faintly from the sea. Soon afterwards they found a warship cutter on the shore, containing forty men, all so exhausted that artificial respiration was necessary in many cases. In spite of medical aid it was impossible to bring nine of the men back to life.

When the cutter left the *Formidable* she had 60 men aboard, but during the long struggle with the gale twenty died and their bodies were cast overboard to lighten the boat and give the living a better chance of escaping. At an inquest held in Lyme Regis, Master-at-arms Cooper, of the *Formidable*, said that after the explosion the vessel settled to starboard and was covered with debris. The men in the cutter were so scantily clad that even heavy work at the oars was insufficient to keep them warm.

The launching of the boat in which these survivors left the vessel was accomplished with the utmost difficulty. The heavy seas rocked the battleship constantly, and one boat was smashed against the bridge.

Immediately after the launching the officer in charge shouted to the men to make for two liners whose lights were just visible seven miles away, but they were unable to find the liners. It was a terrible task to keep the boat head to wind. Heavy seas were constantly breaking over, and during the launching a big hole had been stove in her stern.

MARITZ DEFEATS LOYALISTS.

Rebel Leader Takes 90 Prisoners and Much Ammunition.

A despatch from Pretoria says: Lieut.-Col. Maritz, the rebel leader, reappeared at the head of 500 rebels, armed with four guns and four maxims, and defeated the Loyalists at Schnit Drift, capturing 90 men, a maxim, and 80,000 rounds of ammunition.

SEND MAIL BY ARROWS.

Germans Confiscate Implements Used to Avoid Their Censorship.

A despatch from Paris says: The Germans generally confiscated bows and arrows found in Northern Belgium, where archery still flourishes. French humorists were amused at this action at the time, but it appears that the Belgians were using the arrows to shoot letters into Holland to avoid the German censorship.

MANAGEMENT OF THE WAR

British Public Cease Criticism—There Is No Need to Fear An Invasion

A despatch from London says: Criticism of the Government's war preparations which was rampant during the early stages of the war, has largely ceased.

The War Office has now enlisted the services of business men with experience in carrying out big enterprises to take part in the work of supplying the army, and the labor unions have volunteered to watch the execution of Government contracts, not only to see that proper equipment and rations are supplied to the soldiers, but to prevent sweating.

Arnold White, a prominent writer and former colonial official, has been making a thorough inspection of the training camps for the purpose of detecting any scandals and mismanagement. Having been a bitter enemy of the Government, his

point of view was not prejudiced in its favor. He writes:

"Having visited 35 camps in various parts of the country, I am thoroughly cheered. In the majority of cases business men are handling the difficult problems of war. Dwellers inland have no conception of the thoroughness, efficiency and silence with which the War Office and the Admiralty have co-operated for the business of preventing a German raid or invasion. The alarm that is still felt in some parts of these islands is wholly unjustified, because, firstly, the business efficiency of the fleet under Jellicoe has increased since the war began, and, secondly, because the practical measures adopted by our military engineers, if generally known, would enable the timid to sleep quietly in their beds."



Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna.

Sister of the Tsaritsa who, helped by members of the dramatic profession, is in the streets of Moscow making remarkable caravan collections in aid of the Russian wounded. The picture depicts the Grand Duchess as a Sister of Mercy of the Greek Church. The Order is called Martha and Mary.

BALKAN CLOUD NOT DISPERSED

Greece Regards Bulgarian Attitude as a Menace to Macedonia.

A despatch from London says: The persevering steps which have been taken to bring about an understanding between the Christian Balkan States, and with the idea of securing the neutrality of Bulgaria, apparently have not met with complete success, according to despatches received in London from the Near Eastern capitals, and Greece, Serbia and Roumania are preparing for eventualities.

During a discussion of the budget in the Greek Chamber of Deputies M. Theokotis is reported to have declared that the speech recently delivered by the Bulgarian Premier regarding Macedonia, which Bulgaria considered should have been ceded to her after the last Balkan War, constituted a menace, while the Greek Minister of Finance said that Greece was making urgent military preparations to maintain her liberated territory.

Another despatch from Athens says that the Greek Government has forbidden the exportation of cereals, flour, cattle, forage and arms.

Should Bulgaria, contrary to expectations, attack Serbia with the object of recovering Macedonia, Greece, by her treaty obligations would, it is thought in political circles here, come to the assistance of Serbia, and the Balkan peninsula would be in the throes of a third war. Turkey apparently expects trouble, as the Ottoman Government has expelled the subjects of all neutral countries from the Dardanelles.

In Albania the revolution is said to be spreading, and the Italians, who occupied the seaport of Avlona, have sent a battleship to Durazzo to protect Italian interests at that Albanian port.

RUSSIANS AGAIN INVADE.

Czar's Troops Have Crossed the Carpathians by Four Passes.

A despatch from London says: Reports emanating from diplomatic sources in Rome are that the Russians have again crossed the Carpathians into Hungary. Four of the Mountain passes are said now to be in the possession of the forces of Grand Duke Nicholas, which are at the heels of the Austrian army retreating towards the plains to the southward.

The opinion is held that this new invasion of Hungary, rendered possible by the collapse of the Austrian offensive in Galicia, will make it inevitable for Field Marshal von Hindenburg to draw off the German army with which he has been vainly trying to break down the Russian defences on the Bzura and Rawka Rivers to the west of Warsaw. With Hungary at the mercy of the Cossacks, and with all hope gone of the defenders of Cracow being reinforced from the south, it is expected that the German commander-in-chief will immediately find it necessary to transfer the greater number of his troops from Poland in order to defend the Silesia frontier from invasion.

AIRSHIPS ATTACK DUNKIRK

The Allies Make Another Raid With Dirigibles and Aeroplanes on Metz and Other Points

A despatch from Dunkirk says: In answer to the water plane raid on Cuxhaven German aeroplanes on Wednesday raided Dunkirk, and for more than half an hour were dropping bombs all over the town. According to returns already in, 15 people were killed and 32 wounded. The visiting fleet comprised four aeroplanes, both Taubes and Aviatiks, which flew several times across the city, dropping bombs on each journey.

Soldiers in the streets replied with vigorous rifle fire, but the aeroplanes sailed calmly on. One seemed to have been hit, for he turned on his head and descended several hundred feet before righting himself, but all got safely away. The bombs fell first on one side and then on another. No sooner did one aeroplane seem to be departing than another arrived. The whole city cracked with rifle shots and bombs, which threw up dense clouds of black smoke. Buildings and windows were smashed in all directions and tramway lines at

one place were cut clear through.

The first bomb fell on the fortifications and two more near the railway station. Another landed in the Rue Caumartin and another in the kitchen of the military hospital. Another fell near the Town Hall, others in the Rues Pierre and Nieuport, and also near the arsenal. Two fell in the suburbs of Rosendaal on a jute factory. The districts of Coudekeque and of Furnes also suffered, and many were wounded there. One child had an arm blown off, while another with an old woman was killed outright, being dreadfully disfigured. The bombs were filled with shrapnel, which pitted the walls and buildings. A horse in the Rue Nieuport, close to the spot where a bomb fell, was mutilated. British ambulances carried the sufferers to the hospital. Some were dead on arrival there. The fifth German aeroplane remained as sentry outside the town, taking no part in the raid, but holding itself in readiness to attack any of the allies' aeroplanes seeking to repel the invading fleet.

GRENADES USED IN BZURA FIGHT

Mine-throwers are About the Only Form of Artillery Useful to the Enemy.

A despatch from Germany says: The battle is now stationary at many parts of the long front in Poland. The rapid movements of the German army forward and backward, with kaleidoscopic changes in the situation which hitherto have characterized the warfare in this theatre, have given place, for the time being at least, to a struggle in heavily-entrenched line of fortified positions resembling those of the trenches.

The German and Austrian allies are in close contact with the army of Grand Duke Nicholas, but they are engaged in sapping instead of manoeuvring their way forward. During the fortnight, which a correspondent of the Associated Press spent at the front attached to one division in the battle line along the

Rawka River, the operations were marked by advances of from 10 to 12 miles in a few places, but in general the infantry is fighting its way foot by foot with the aid of artillery support. In these operations the artillery and mine-throwers are trumps instead of the soldiers' legs. The mine-throwers are particularly effective. Although the heavy artillery is handicapped by weather conditions and the short days, which make observations and the direction of the fire possible only for short periods, the mine-throwers are busy day and night hurling projectiles of 200 pounds of high explosives from trench to trench at a range that is very effective. During the comparatively short time one of these huge missiles is in view, wobbling through the air along an erratic parabola, the sight is most impressive. The projectile can be plainly followed with the eye, and the tension upon the men in the trenches as the bomb comes nearer and nearer is beyond all comparison to the effect caused by heavy artillery shells, which are unseen until the explosion throws up a column of earth and scatters the fragments of the shell in all directions.

CANADIAN REMOUNT DEPOT

Col. Grant Morden Returns From Front, Where He Narrowly Escaped a Bursting Shell

A despatch from London says: Colonel Grant Morden of Montreal, formerly of Toronto, has returned to England after several weeks spent at the front. He has established a Canadian remount depot in France. Col. Morden had a narrow escape while he was in the trenches. A shell burst close beside him, and his hearing has been temporarily

impaired by the concussion. In a little French village within sound of the guns Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, the first of the Canadian contingent to go to the front, are billeted, waiting their turn to go into the trenches. They were accorded a splendid reception by their comrades in arms and the French villagers.

Portuguese Forces Were Defeated

A despatch from Lisbon says: The Portuguese Government has supplied details of an engagement between the Portuguese and German forces in Angola. The German artillery attacked Fort Naukilla, and the Portuguese made a steady resistance to the enemy's entry, which

tried to turn their left wing. The great numerical superiority of the Germans obliged the Portuguese troops to retreat. Casualty was engaged on both sides and there were many losses. Eight Portuguese officers were killed and missing and one is a prisoner.

British War Prisoner Must Die

A despatch from Copenhagen says: A Berlin message says that the German supreme war tribunal has sentenced a British war prisoner named Lonsdale to death for assaulting a German officer at the Dohert concentration camp. Lons-

dale, in the first instance, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, but the military authorities' appeal for a sentence of capital punishment has been successful. Lonsdale, it is admitted, did not hurt the officer, and the prison guard beat him off.

Austrian Dreadnought Torpedoed

A despatch to the London Daily Mail from Venice contains a report that a French submarine boat has torpedoed the Austrian Dreadnought *Viribus Unitis* at Pola. It is said the hull of the Dreadnought

was pierced, but that she succeeded in reaching her dock. The *Viribus Unitis* is of 20,000 tons displacement, and has a complement of 1,000 men. She is one of the four ships constituting the largest type of the Austrian navy.

WANT AND FOR SALE COLUMN

Hounds Lost

About November 4th, 1914, in the vicinity south of Little Redstone Lake, two small Red Hounds, about fifteen months old, both dogs. One has two spots in one ear and the other has rather crooked front legs, both have coarse tails. Five dollars reward for the return of the two dogs.

W. R. MAUNDER,
Lindsay, Ont.

Girl Wanted

At Dominion Hotel, Minden.
J. J. MORTIMER,
Proprietor.

Logs Wanted

Custom Sawing and Logs to Purchase at our Mill at James Fairfield's, Minden Township.
ARMSTRONG & TIERS.

Notice

The public are hereby warned not to negotiate a Note made by me in favor of Jeremiah Clayton of Dorset, as I have received no value.
JOHN BOYD,
Minden Hill, Dec. 31, 1914.

Cow for Sale

Five Years Old; due to calve in March.
CHAS. KIRKWOOD,
Minden, Ont.

Farm For Sale

200 Acres, Lots 6 and 7 in Con. 10, Minden. Sixty Acres cleared, good frame house, good spring water, etc. For further particulars apply to
HENRY HOGG,
39-41

For Sale

House and Lot, beautifully situated on the shore of Kishagawigamog Lake. Clear Title. Possession at any time. For further particulars apply to
JOSEPH H. HEITHER,
Ingoldsbys, Ont.

For Sale

Thoroughbred Hereford Bull Calf, six months old. May be registered by purchaser. Apply to
JOHN KERNOLAN,
Minden, Ont.

WANTED!

A Reliable Man to Sell

Hardy Canadian Grown Stock

In Minden and Haliburton Co.
Start Now at the Best Selling Season. Send for List of Spring Offering and Terms to Agents.

Liberal Commissions.

Handsomeness Free Outfit.

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FARM IMPLEMENTS

DEALER IN

Cutters, Steel Ranges

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Kinmount, Ontario

Valuable Property for Sale

A \$4,000 property may be purchased in Haliburton Village for \$2,200, by making a payment of \$1,000 in cash and arranging the balance to suit purchaser at six per cent. interest. The property consists of a half acre lot, on which is built a substantial frame barn, and a two story residence with veranda on two sides. The house is sparkling frame, boarded inside and outside, each covered with felt paper, brick veneered outside and lathed and plastered inside. The rooms downstairs are 9 feet 1 inch high, upstairs 8 1/2 feet, and no slope to ceiling in any of the rooms. The house is nearly new and built on a good stone wall which encloses a cellar with cement floor. There is a good well of water on the lot and a pump in the house, with pipes to carry water to a cesspool. The title is clear and the purchaser may have immediate possession. The buildings were erected by Mr. W. H. Pengelly for himself and are well constructed. For further particulars apply at
ECHO OFFICE, Minden, Ont.

Notice To Creditors.

Pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, the creditors of William John Somerville, late of the Township of Monmouth, in the Provisional County of Haliburton, Farmer, deceased, who died on or about the Ninth day of September, 1914, are on or before the 1st of February, 1915, to be sent by post prepaid, to I. E. Weldon, Barrister, Milne Block, Lindsay, their Christian, surnames, addresses and descriptions, to file particulars of their claims, and the nature of their securities, if any, held by them.

The Executors shall after the 1st day of February next be at liberty to distribute the assets of the said deceased, or any part thereof among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof distributed to any person of whose claim they have not had notice at the distribution thereof.

Dated at Lindsay this Twenty-second day of December, A.D. 1914.
I. E. Weldon, Solicitor for Christy Ann Somerville and William C. Somerville, the Executors of the last Will and Testament of William John Somerville.

We are Selling

Essonville

One day last week, while Mr. Thomas Maughan, Sr., and his son Willie were drawing marsh hay, they saw a very large bear track, and Willie, being somewhat of a Nimrod, took up the trail and followed it until night came on, when he had to give up the chase. Resolving not to be outdone, he and his brother Tommy struck out next morning and gave chase until about 11 a.m., when they came upon him in his winter den. Mr. Brown came out and showed battle, but Willie had his rifle ready and laid him low. They brought him home and found he weighed 225 lbs.

We were pleased to meet Mr. P. Knight, who is out of college for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Maguire, of Deserai, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Maguire over Sunday.

The farmers are all busy taking out

wood this winter.

A number of teams passed through here

from London on their way to Mr. Sinclair's

wood camp at Tory Hill.

Word has been received by Rev. M. A.

Lindsay, Presbyterian minister at Kirk-

field, Ontario, from Simon's Town, South

Africa, that the decoration for distinguished

service has been to his brother, Lieut.

Commander of H.M.S. Afrander, Australian

cruiser in the south seas.

Lieut. Lindsay was for about three years

manager of the fruit ranch at Ducks, B.C.,

owned by Senator Hewitt Bostock, leader

of the Liberal party in the upper Chamber.

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Minden

Agricultural Society will be held in the

Town Hall, at 10 a.m. on Saturday,

January 10th, at which all interested

will take notice.

W. G. ARCHER,

Secretary.

The Joy Riders

I saw a sight the other day

That made my heart grow sad;

'Twas just a little yellow dog

An' a lonesome little lad.

There was playin' by the roadside

As happy as could be;

Th' laddie singin' to th' pup

While he looked for a flea.

Then a roar broke up th' stillness

An' down th' hill there came

A motor with its drunken crew

Whose shouts spread wide their shame.

They came at law forbidden speed

Nor noticed th' little boy,

Who in his baby innocence

Was laughin' loud with joy.

But oh, th' look of frightened grief

That changed th' little face

As he observed and caught th' yellin' dog

Bein' over-lapped their pace.

An' their yells of drunken laughter

At such a clever joke

Rang loud as stooped th' sobbin' boy

His mangled chum to stroke.

'Tis a picture I shall ne'er forget

An' it makes my heart grow sad,

For th' little yellow puppy

An' th' lonesome little lad.

Stuart Hauser, Minden, Ont.

The opening of the Canadian parliament

has been fixed for February.

Newspaper Law Read it.

If any person orders his paper, discon-

tinued he must pay all arrears, or the

publisher may continue to send it until

payment is made, and collect the whole

amount whether the paper is taken from

the post office, whether directed to his

name or another, or whether he has sub-

scribed or not is responsible for the pay-

ment. This proceeds upon the ground that a

man must pay for what he uses.

The courts have decided that, refusing

to take newspapers and periodicals from

the post office, removing and leaving

them uncollected is prima facie evidence

of intentional fraud.

Wilberforce Whispers

We wish to extend to the editor and staff a hearty New Year's greeting.

The Rev. Messrs. Knight and Wilkins, who have been spending the Xmas holiday in this vicinity, occupied the pulpits filled by Messrs. Kingley and Wolfram for the past two Sundays and on Christmas Day, the latter two being away, spending the holidays at their respective homes.

Miss Bella Graham left for Minden on Monday to visit her uncle, Mr. D. J. Hartle, of that place.

Mr. Arthur Holmes left for Cascade, B.C., on Thursday last.

Mrs. Dunford and her granddaughter Susie returned here on Thursday, after an extended visit to friends and relatives in Peterborough.

The L. B. & O. did not make the trip on Wednesday owing to an accident to the coach. They did not even forward the mails of that day, and letters posted for outside points would not be delivered until Saturday owing to Friday, New Year's Day, being a public holiday. That is one of the disadvantages of being part of the Canadian Northern system. Under the old management the mails at least were forwarded, whatever might have been the detention of the passengers. There was no excuse for the mails being detained, as the engine was available for the purpose of conveying them.

Another Christmas has gone, but leaving behind it a broad tract of pleasant memories. Peace on earth and good will towards men has certainly been the order of things of this village in the highlands.

Our postmaster's family was augmented by the presence of Mrs. Riley's brother, Mr. Green and his niece from Fenelon Falls, her son Wilfred, G.I. R. operator at Gravenhurst, her daughter Letitia from Toronto, also Messrs. Knight and Wilkins, former Anglican and Methodist pastors on this charge.

On Saturday, the 10th, the public school pupils gave their annual concert and the rendition of the various items spoke volumes for both the trainers and the trained. A programme of twenty-two items was heartily welcomed by the audience. A detailed account would take too much space, but special mention may be made of Tommy Drum's representation of an old man in his singing of the solo, "My Dear Old Wife," and Lillian Moore and Willie Riley, who tickled the audience immensely with their Dutch dialogue over a wash-tub. The boys gave a fine display with the bomb-bells. Four of the piano pupils gave great pleasure with their respective solos and duets, to Miss Alice Hancock, Elsie Riley, Ruby Holmes and Mary Hancock. For only three months' training, the latter gave a good account of themselves. The singing class gave several delightful choruses, while three of its members, Lillian Holmes, Annie Drum, and Marjory Holmes gave solos. The historic talent displayed by Elsie Couckell as Aunt Virginia was also remarkable. The feeling off of this long programme without a single hitch was due to the harmonious relations existing between pupils and their teacher, Mrs. John Moore, whose twinkling eyes spoke of volumes of love and pride for and in her pupils.

On Sunday the 20th the Sunday School held a special service presided over by its superintendent, Mr. Alex. Riley. A cordial attendance of parents gave value to the occasion. An address by Mr. H. Wilkinson, special Christmas music and presentation of medals for attendance filled up a delightful afternoon. Ford Couckell, Elsie and Willie Riley received real gold stars for perfect attendance, and Elsie Couckell, who only missed one attendance, and Delbert Miller, whose seat was vacant on only two occasions, received silver medals.

On Monday 27th, the Band of Hope held its weekly meeting. The programme was provided by Joe Hancock. This junior temperance society was started last January with 26 charter members and now has a membership of sixty-two, forty-four being pledged members. None are allowed to sign the pledge under seven years of age and then only with their parents' consent. The first anniversary will be held on January 12. At the conclusion of the programme Elsie Riley stepped forward and read the following address:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Schofield, please accept this little gift as a token of our gratitude to you for the kind interest you have taken in our welfare especially in the organization and leadership of the Band of Hope. We realize you have done a great work for us and we hope the Lord may spare you for many years of useful service in His work.

Signed on behalf of the Band of Hope members and friends: Elsie Riley, Lillian Holmes.

Lillian Holmes then presented Mrs. Schofield with an envelope containing a sum of money, which at the present time suggested real sacrifice on the part of the children.

When Mrs. Schofield recovered from her surprise she expressed her deep sense of gratitude for the gift which spoke so eloquently of the love the members, Mrs. Schofield also voiced her feeling of affection towards the children and the last meeting of 1914 was full of promise for yet greater measure of success for the New Year.

Mr. Wolfram, Methodist pastor, visited his home near Colborne for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Chas. Kelly and children managed to break away from her friends at Lindsay, where she has been spending Christmas with her mother Mrs. Bain, to bid farewell to the old year among her neighbors here.

Miss Harriett Rowbotham visited her home at Essonville for Christmas and spent an enjoyable time toasting her feet under the old home stove.

Mrs. Moore and children are visiting the old homestead at Cheddar with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Southworth.

Minden Stage Line



Daily Stage Leaves Minden at 11 a.m., connecting at Kinmount for points on L. B. & O. Railway.

Daily Stage Leaves Minden at 440 a.m., connecting with Morning Train at Gelert for points south. Leaves Minden again at 3.30 p.m., connecting at Gelert with evening train for Haliburton.

Livery in Connection.

J. J. MORTIMER, Prop.

Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Clocks, Silverware, Umbrellas

Cameras, Musical Instruments.

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Edison, Victor and Columbia
Talking Machines.
A Good Supply of Records on Hand.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
A NORTHLEY, Prop. & Oper.
FENELON FALLS



JOHN WELCH UNDERTAKER.

Has a large stock of COFFINS, CASKETS, DRESSINGS, SHROUDS, ETC., always on hand. Low prices. Sunday and Night Calls will receive prompt attention. Prices Reasonable.

Make Somebody Happy With A KODAK

We have a Complete Line of KODAKS at Prices to Fit Any Purse, and will be glad to Pack One for you.

JOHN H. STANTON The Photographer, FENELON FALLS, ONT.

New Jewellery Store

Opposite Bank of Montreal.
JOHN SCOTT, PROP.

KODAKS

Prices to Fit Any Purse, and will be glad to Pack One for you.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

R. H. BAKER,
Crown Lands Agent. Office: Echo Building, Main street, Minden.

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Barrister, Etc., Lindsay.
Attends all Courts in Haliburton.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES.

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Will make regular visits to Minden.
Teeth extracted without pain.

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JOHN H. DELAMERE,
County Clerk, Prov. Co. Haliburton.
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator,
etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the County
MINDEN, ONT.

A. ROGERS, Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Clerk of First Division Court. Office and residence: Haliburton Road, half mile east of Minden Mills.

LANGDON—Boat Builder. Steam and Gasoline Engines Installed. Amette Roofing, Steel and Galvanized Siding and Roofing. Iron Pumps and Fittings. A call solicited. Minden, Ont.

CLAUGHLIN, PEEL, FULTON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
Money to loan. A member of the firm will attend all Division Courts throughout the County. Branch Office at Fenelon Falls. Lindsay Office over Dominion Bank.

R. J. McLAUGHLIN, E. C. A. M. FULTON, B.A.
(Jas. A. McLAUGHLIN, E. C. A. M. FULTON, B.A.)

HOPKINS, WEEKS & HOPKINS,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
Solicitors of the Bank of Montreal.
Money to loan at lowest rates. Offices, 6
William Street, South, Lindsay, Ont.
Branch office at Southville.

G. H. HOPKINS, K.C., C. E. WEEKS,
F. HOLMES HOPKINS, B.A., L.L.B.

FIRE INSURANCE

If you want Fire Insurance at lowest rates, see or write
JAMES A. GILLOCHLY,
Lindsay, Ontario.
Who represents several Canadian Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

THE MINDEN HOTEL.

ALBERT ONES, Proprietor.

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HAUNTED TREES

A Traveler in Malay Peninsula Had Weird Adventure When He Defied Superstition

The pokuk hayu hantu, or haunted tree, is to be found in every civilized and settled township, village and kampong of the Malay peninsula. In the dense jungles they exist by thousands.

Where they are situated in the settled areas open offerings in the shape of joss sticks and paper money by the Chinese, rice and cakes by the Tamils, and prayer-cloths by the Malays are daily laid at their feet and roots to propitiate the resident djin or peri, whereas, in the actual jungles, they are generally avoided by a detour, or, if that is not practicable, passed in silence with a reverent salaam.

To the open-minded and impartial searcher among the mystic ways of the east, some curious and puzzling experiences present themselves, and will continue to do so until modern science classifies them in their proper place among occult phenomena, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine.

In this narrative I propose to set down a personal experience of haunted trees. It occurred at Kuala Kangsar, Perak, in the '80s, and Sir Hugh Clifford incorporated part of it in one of his clever Malay stories; but I think the actual facts, just as they happened, make better material for reflection.

A young friend of mine, a Cornishman, full of superstitions peculiar to Cornish miners, had been appointed inspector of mines at Salak, a little mining village some eight miles north of Kuala Kangsar, the then capital of Perak.

I was district engineer at the time, and we were projecting the great main road from Taiping, via Ipoh, to Kuala Lumpur, in the neighboring state of Selangor. Salak was then the farthestmost settlement of the Kuala Kangsar district; beyond and around it lay

The Great Primeval Jungle.

A few big Chinese bamsals (palm leaf sheds) were dotted round the mine pits for the Chinese coolies, but quarters were required for the new inspector.

Sir Hugh Low, our resident, allowed me \$300 to put up a small wood and palm-roofed and walled building for my friend—"anywhere you think most suitable" were my instructions.

The Cornishman accompanied me on foot to Salak and selected a hill, about 50 feet high, situated on one side of the Salak valley, commanding a fair view of the mines and buildings around

led to the site, and allowed me to get the top of the hill. I proceeded through the forest, cutting the trace for the present road to Ipoh.

The jungle on this hill consisted of three tall hardwood trees on the summit, all dead, surrounded by the usual lighter growths of young trees, reeds, palms and creepers. My estimate was \$5 apiece for felling the large trees, and \$10 to fell, burn and clear an acre of the surrounding growth.

Returning in a few days I found my friend—who was camped in the neighboring police-station—had got the jungle cleared, had felled one tall tree, left two standing, and was clamoring for his quarters to be commenced, as he was not comfortable. Jammed up with Sikh policemen in the small and stuffy station, it being dangerous to build a dwelling in the vicinity of isolated trees—which, robbed of the support of their neighbors and the interwoven creepers and natural stays, are prone to blow over in the hurricane squalls which often accompany rainstorms in the tropics—I refused to set my native building contractor to work until the remaining two trees were felled. Thereupon my young Cornish friend began to expostulate excitedly.

"Look here, boss," he said. "You'll laugh, I know, because you don't believe in these things; but I haven't been able to get a single Malay to work this clearing. They declare the three trees are pokuk kaya hantu—have been so for generations, and that dire evil will befall any one meddling with them. Finally, I got some Chinese miners to tackle the job, doubling the amount you allowed me out of my own pocket."

"Then why did you not get them to finish the business while you were about it?" I inquired.

"Because the moment the first tree was felled it came down and killed the Chinese who was chopping at it," he said. "The Malays said,

"There! You see, Tuan,"

and now I can't get a soul to go near the job for love or money."

Inquiries among the local Malays

and Chinese verified his statements as to what had happened, and the absolute refusal of anyone to touch the remaining two trees, or, indeed, to go near them.

Unable to spend more time in the vicinity, with great difficulty I persuaded my Malay contractor to run up the usual atap bungalow which we were in the habit of erecting, for \$250, and, marking out the site, I left my man to make propitiatory offerings to the hantus before commencing his building.

A month later it was completed without accident, and on my next visit in the neighborhood the place was occupied by my friend, and I camped there for a night on my way through Salak on road works.

A footpath led from the top of the hill, down the back, to a small well, near which a tiny bathhouse had been built. On each side of this little eighteen-inch path the bukah (secondary jungle growth) had sprung up with the usual rapidity of tropical vegetation, and remained uncleared, owing, as my friend asserted, to the refusal of local coolies to work anywhere near the haunted trees. The single tree which had been felled lay across this path, forming an obstacle some four feet high, which had to be clambered over, at much discomfort to bare legs and sarong, when negotiating the path for the early morning bath, which is a necessity in these tropical lands.

"For goodness' sake get some one to cut a deep notch in this tree to let one step through in comfort without barking one's shins climbing over it," I urged my friend.

"I'll try, boss," he mumbled in reply.

I spent another night in the house on my return from the jungle and found that the suggested notch had not been cut. My friend reasserted his inability to get a soul, Malay or Chinese, to tackle the job, and deluged me with stories of the intelligence of Cornishmen, in matters supernatural, as compared with the ignorance and stupidity of the balance of Englishmen, while I laughed uproariously.

A week or two later Sir Hugh Low remarked to me at a Kuala Kangsar residency dinner:

"I wish you would go up to Salak and bring young P— to the hospital here, whether he wants to come or not. I hear he has

Dangerously Injured His Foot, persists in doctoring himself with rubbishy Chinese medicines and refuses to submit himself to civilized medical treatment. He'll come to serious grief presently, and you must bring him down—by force, if necessary.

I promised to go next day, and, as it happened, it was not a day too soon. Poor P— lay in a chair with his foot swathed in odoriferous rags; he was in a high fever. He had, I discovered, a deep and hideous cut on the instep, which he had been treating with boiled leaves and other concoctions of native medicinal craft, and his foot was almost in a state of putrefaction. He had cut it with a billong, a species of heavy chisel set like an axe in a light handle and lashed with rattan. This instrument is used as a hatchet by the Malays in preference to the heavier English tool.

"How on earth did you manage that?" I asked him later.

"Well, boss, you'll laugh, of course, when I tell you," grumbled my superstitious friend; "but anyway, it's the truth. It was like this: I couldn't get a soul to cut the notch you groused about, so I determined to profit by your superior knowledge and tackle it myself. My Malays warned me against it, but I quoted the rot you talked about, common sense and all that. So I defined the hantu, got a billong, and sailed in. I straddled the tree and commenced to chop. I had only given about a dozen blows when, as I was coming down with a chop, something seized my arm and turned the billong on to my foot, and I fell off the tree in agony. Yes—he spoke angrily, noting the skeptical grin on my face—"you can laugh! But don't tell me I am such a fool that I can't drop an axe within an inch or two of the same spot between widely straddled feet. The billong did not glance off. I distinctly felt my arm gripped in mid air and forced down with the billong in it, and I tried to resist the force. That is on my oath, and you may believe it or not, as you please."

My sympathy for his ugly wound was greater than my desire to argue on things supernatural. He was taken down the river to Kuala Kangsar and put into hospital for proper attention.

A week or two later, while P—

was still under treatment, I had to pass through Salak again, and with his permission made my camp at his quarters for the night. Malay jungle servants respectfully discussed the question of hantus with me, particularly in regard to P's mishap, and politely but firmly insisted upon

The Reality of the Genus.

I, just as politely, denied their existence, outside coincidence, till it grew time to go to bed.

Early the next morning I was up and making for my bath. My Malays stood ready for the road, by the back door, waiting to roll up my light swag while I was at my bath. Proceeding a few paces down the path to the bathhouse, I glanced up to find the sun was higher in the heavens than I thought, and hesitating for a moment or two, I wavered as to whether I should go on without my helmet, and risk the early morning sun on the back of my neck and shoulders, or whether I should walk back to the house to get it. Very fortunately, as it happened, I went back, and presently came out again with my sofa topee on.

Passing my men at the door, I overheard them still discussing the hantu question as they glanced up at the two ominous trees, still rearing their gaunt dead trunks and dried limbs above us.

Seizing the moment as opportune to impress them with the superior knowledge of the white man, I struck an attitude, and shaking my fist at the two trees, challenged the hantus, in my most vituperative Malay, to come down and measure strength with the unbelieving and scoffing orang puteh (white man). I made an impressive pause to allow them full opportunity.

As they failed to avail themselves of the challenge, I laughed triumphantly at my startled orderlies, and vaulting over the fallen trunk, came crashing to the ground with a blow on the head which drove my helmet down to my chin, ruined a shower of sparks before my eyes, and left me for a few seconds lying stunned on the ground, wondering confusedly not only why my men had taken such vindictive steps to punish my mockery, but also how they had managed it so suddenly and with such terrific force.

Rising stupidly to my feet, and wrenching my helmet, with no little discomfort to my skinned nose and face, I beheld my orderlies—standing where I had left them, by the house door—glancing with bulging eyes alternately at me and the haunted trees. Then my startled gaze fell upon

A Hugo Dead Branch which lay across the path at my feet. It had fallen from one of the trees.

Had I not fortunately turned back and donned my stout pith helmet,

my skull would have been crushed like an eggshell.

Proceeding thoughtfully down to my bath, I returned—with one eye on the trees—and, with such dignity as I could assume with a nearly dislocated neck and sprained shoulder, bade my men roll up my swag and follow, while I started stiffly on my day's tramp.

"I suppose you think the hantus did that?" I inquired of the orderlies an hour or two later.

"Whatever the Tuan thinks must be right," they replied, with the sometimes aggravating politeness that is always on the Malay's lip, no matter what lies in his heart.

"Of course you'll swear it was coincidence," growled P. when I narrated the incident to him later; adding, "Don't you think there have been one or two coincidences too many over those particular trees?"

"When you have lived in these countries as many years as I have," said Sir Hugh Low afterwards, "you'll find some very queer things happen, in connection with the hantu trees—things that are not yet dreamt of in your philosophy. And I certainly did."

Appropriate.

A wealthy but miserly baronet was celebrated for having a magnificently decorated dining-room, while his viands were very few. A celebrated wit was invited to dine on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite to my taste."

"And what change would you make?" asked the host.

"Well," answered the wit, "if this were my house, you know, I would have, looking at the ceiling, 'less gilding and,' here he glanced furtively at the table, 'more carving.'"

His Initial.

She critically examined the gold sleeve links, which were set before her and then requested the clerk to show her another line. She decided on a pair, murmuring to herself: "Yes, I'm sure he'll like these."

"Do you care for any initials, Miss?" queried the clerk.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," said she. "I think I'll use my first initial this time. You may engrave the letter 'U' on them."

"U," repeated the clerk, as he wrote the instructions down. "May I inquire the name, miss, if it is Uriah or Ulysses? Names commencing with 'U' are so very rare."

"Eugene," replied the young woman, proudly.

There may be germs in kisses, but every girl thinks she is immune.



A Real Canadian Contingent at Salisbury Plain.

From left to right are: Mr. W. R. Critchley, Captain A. C. Critchley, Captain O. A. Critchley, and Mr. J. A. Critchley. Captain O. A. Critchley is a Canadian owning a large ranch in Alberta who has taken all his sons to serve Great Britain in the war. They are now all in Strathcona's Horse in camp at Salisbury, except Mr. W. R. Critchley, who is running a machine-gun detachment in an infantry battalion. All are six feet or over, the father being six feet three inches. Captain A. C. and Mr. J. A. Critchley are in the Canadian regulars, and have played in their regimental team (Strathcona's Horse) for some time past, and this team at present holds the Western Canadian polo championship, and has done so for the past two years. The father and other brother are also fine players, and the family in combination make up a most formidable team.

NERVOUS CHILDREN

The Trouble is Often Really St Vitus Dance—Do Not Neglect It

Many a child has been called a "stupid," has been punished in school for not keeping still or for dropping things, when the trouble was really St. Vitus dance. This disease may appear at any age, but is most common between the ages of six and fourteen years. It is caused by thin blood which fails to carry sufficient nourishment to the nerves, and the child becomes restless and twitching of the muscles and jerking of the limbs and body follow. In severe cases the child is unable to hold anything or feed itself. St. Vitus dance is cured by building up the blood. The most successful treatment is to remove the child from all mental excitement, stop school work and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills renew the blood supply, strengthen the nerves, and restore the child to perfect health. Here is proof of their power to cure. Mrs. Geo. A. MacDonald, Harrington, N. S., says: "My son was attacked by St. Vitus dance; at the outset his muscles would twitch and his step was weak and jerky. We called in a doctor who treated him, but notwithstanding he continued to grow worse and at last grew so bad that he could not hold a cup in his hand, while his head constantly twitched, and his speech became rather indistinct. At this juncture I saw in a paper the cure of a boy from similar trouble through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We at once sent for a supply, and in a few weeks after he began their use there was considerable improvement, and it was not long after this before he was completely cured, and has never had a symptom of the trouble since. I am convinced that there is no medicine like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the cure of St. Vitus dance."

If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Dog.

A barrister once opened his cross-examination of a handwriting expert by asking, "Where is the dog?" "What dog?" said the astonished witness. "The dog," replied his tormentor, "which the judge at the last Assizes said he would not hang on your evidence."

And Sit Hard.

The Allies will sit hard if they can. What? Who, sit on the Ottoman.

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W. J. ELLIOTT, TORONTO

THE LOST ART

"But why not?"
"Young man, I have not the slightest objection to you personally. Your family, your character, are above reproach, but financially, my dear sir, financially, Ethel has been raised accustomed to everything that money can buy, and to be candid, my dear sir, what have you?"

Old Herrington, millionaire president of the First National bank, sat in his chair and gazed, half in compassion, half in amusement, yet with a show of regard, at the dejected young man before him.

A fine, strapping specimen of manhood Philip Stone was, but just now he appeared all dejection.

"Then I cannot marry Ethel?" he asked ruefully.

"I am very sorry, but I must say no."

"But could I find the money?"

"Well, my boy, that is another question, but I am not certain. Yes, I will say positively that you were able to support her you would have my full consent."

"How much?" asked the young man laconically.

"Good! That sounds like business," responded the banker, bringing his feet flat on the floor. "Well, I think I would like to see you with a hundred thousand dollars."

"A hundred thousand dollars?"

"That's the truth, Mr. Herrington, I like nothing but a hundred thousand dollars."

"My dear stone," said the older man earnestly, "I advise you to think carefully, and of all young men I know I would choose you, if you had the money, for Ethel is a good girl and a true one."

"I will advance you \$1,000 in cash today upon your promise to see Ethel for a year, and if at the end of that time you have not \$100,000 in cash or the prospects of it, which I alone must decide, then you will never see Ethel again."

On the other hand, if you have the money you may marry her a year from today if she is willing.

The young man looked up eagerly.

"Yes, Philip, that is what I mean."

The young man gazed thoughtfully at the banker for many moments.

"Agreed!" he said, putting out his hand.

With one hand the banker took the proffered grasp, while with the other he reached for his private check book.

Three minutes later Philip Stone was bidding his all but to be father-in-law goodbye. In his pocket was a check for \$1,000.

"Tell me, Mr. Herrington, what shall I do to get this fortune and Ethel within a year, for get both of them I will?"

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," smiled the old man, with a kindly grasp of Philip's hand that took all the sting out of the epithet.

Philip Stone left the bank and sought the seclusion of a quiet, sunny nook in the park. For awhile, he sat and planned and schemed, but to no purpose.

Then the old man's advice came to his mind. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," and as a forlorn hope he began to dig for ants.

Red ants they were, busily engaged in repainting the havoc wrought by a passing foot, not mill bayonet.

Then an inspiration thrilled him. With his penknife he carefully tore the ant hill to pieces, stepping here and there, and brushing vigorously to avoid the stings of the brave little homely defenders.

In his handkerchief he placed a double handful of the white, larva-like creatures.

Gently knotting the handkerchief together and putting it carefully in his coat pocket, he caught the nearest cab and gave the order, "Keen & Bishop, Broadway, million dealers."

An hour later, when he returned home, in one pocket was a pig of red ants, eggs, in the other a thousand dollars in the shape of six pounds of unrefined gold dust.

Then he sent Jones, the man of all work about the house, to the florist for some very fine earth from a sandy particle.

On Jones' return he took a peck of this earth and sifted it through a fine sieve, then with it he mixed the gold dust and put all but a handful in a glass jar.

He carefully deposited the ants' eggs in the jar, and over them he lightly sprinkled the remaining handful. This done, he put the whole in the sun.

In a week they came several hundred vigorous young ants with unhardened energy for ant hill building, but with no material with which to work except the grains of gold dust scattered throughout the ant hill.

But, heavily handicapped as they were, they went vigorously to work.

In two weeks a tiny hill, a genuine ant hill of pure gold, was erected within the jar. Philip watched this process with huge delight. Soon that golden hill was alive with white larvae, eggs of a new generation.

When they, too, had become ants, he added the hill and once more mixed the gold with the dust. Again the little workers began to build, but had built a hill of gold.

ing over all this. I was cruel to him, for he is not the kind and he is not the breed to plan anything irregular."

"No mine?" said Philip, with the sunshine in his face.

"No mine," repeated the old gentleman.

"Look at your feet, sir," suggested Philip jocosely. "You're standing in an ant hill, sir."

Banker Herrington looked instantly at his feet. At the ant hill. It was a mound two feet high of pure gold.

"There's Ethel, sir," said Philip. The old gentleman gazed with open mouth. He reached down, took a handful of sand—gold it surely was, half a bushel, and easily \$100,000 worth.

He reached over and took Philip by the hand.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Philip, my boy; you have done it. Tell me, how did you find it?"

"I did it, sir? I didn't. I did it by forcing three generations of hill-building ants to collect gold dust when they'd nothing else with which to build. I bred into them the instinct to collect nothing but gold. Six months ago I brought them out here and planted them. You see the result."

The old gentleman shivered, and then there came Philip his full consent. On their pack horses they took that ant hill to civilization.

Philip had won Ethel. The old man was delighted, but the most delighted of all was Ethel.

Banker Herrington enthusiastically proclaimed that he had the most intelligent son-in-law in existence, for the supply of ants is unlimited, and in the sands of Arizona are undoubtedly billions of gold dust that, for lack of water, can never be washed.

But in destroying that golden ant hill for the sake of his gold they had unwittingly killed all the trained inhabitants.

Philip could never again breed another hill like the one he had now of the lost arts.

But the motto engraved on the Herrington Stone, engraved on the gold to the ant, thou sluggard."

MOTORCAR PROGRESS.

Organization of the Parts and What That Means.

Ask any engineer what feature of modern motorcar construction represents the greatest improvement and advancement in design, and he will say the automatic engine starter, the cylinder engine, but standardized.

That may be a word which means, but little to the car owner, but he unconsciously derives untold benefit from it.

By reason of it, he has only to ask for a certain kind of spark plug, and he knows it will fit the cylinder.

He has only a dozen, or so different sizes of tires from which to select the one adapted to his car, and even the carburetor may be replaced by one of a different make without any change whatsoever in the bolt holes or attaching flange.

A vital part of the motor or running gear may be replaced by a blacksmith or local machine shop from the ordinary sizes of stock carried on hand, and the screw threads, sizes as now used conform to a certain standard that renders replacements exceedingly simple.

Grease cups, nuts or bolts that may have been lost may be replaced at the nearest supply store or garage, for no longer does each manufacturer work only to his own specifications on these minor parts.—H. W. Stinson, M. E., in Leslie's.

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THE ECHO

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Strengthens the weak stomach. Gives good digestion. Enriches the sluggish liver. Feeds the starved nerves. Again full health and strength return. A general upbuilding enables the heart to pump like an engine running in oil. The vital force is once more established to full power. Year in and year out for over forty years this great health-restoring remedy has been spreading throughout the entire world—because of its ability to make the sick well and the weak strong. Don't despair of "being your old self again." Give this vegetable remedy a trial. Today—Now. You will soon feel it new again. Suffering liquid or tablet form by Druggists or trial box for 50c by mail. Write Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Great Medical Discovery, cloth-bound, sent for 31 one-cent stamps.

THERE are certain things

that are impossible to say about one's self. For instance, your character, the esteem you hold for your business, your integrity—these are things that can not be advertised. But you can suggest them through the use of good business stationery.

You may be interested in our samples. May we show them

